More Than Friends. by bleedingmigraine (orphan_account)

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Summary:

Dr Brenner brings someone Eleven didn't know she'd see again.

More Than Friends.

Eleven clenched the jacket around Mike with a vice grip, her own panic starting rise, realizing that Papa was just on their tail as Mike and Dustin where pedaling as fast as they could to get to Elm and Cherry, meeting back up with Lucas.

What bothered her most was the calm look Papa had, as he and the other men ran back to the vans to continue the chase. “Shit-Shit-Shit-” Dustin keep yelling, screaming how they were never going to make it.

Their hopes only got lower when they saw the single white van turn to cut them off. Hearing their panicked screams, Eleven prepared herself to clear the path in front of them. Taking a deep breath in, and then let it out, listening as the boys around her were letting out a noise of shock as the van flipped over head.

Upon noticing the way was clear the boys got ready to pick up speed, before a voice behind them was heard.

“Eleven!” Turning her head back, her brown eyes widened in shock remembering that voice, her heart stopping for a moment. She gripped Mikes shoulder, causing him to look at her and stop, leaning the weight of the bike on one leg.

Whipping his head back to ask her why, he was shut up by the look on her face and the voice that once again spoke up.

“Eleven!” it screamed, ringing from the van which was currently flipped onto its back. Mike was about to start pedaling again to reach up with his friends who stopped a few feet ahead screaming his name for him to ‘get his ass moving.” before Eleven’s grip grew tighter, and she slowly got off the back of his bike as he turned to the young girl.

“Eleven! What are you-”

“Fourteen.”

“What are you talking about? Eleven, we got to go!” Mike screamed,

watching as more vans pulled in behind the one that got flipped, hearing his friends saying more are likely to come and cut off their only exit.

Opening her mouth to speak Eleven was caught off the moment the door to the van was quite literally ripped off the hinges, a little girl stumbled out, her tiny hand reaching out to grab the frame of the van, the weight of her grip crushing the metal in.

Eleven stared in shook, her eyes watering as she watched the young girl struggle to move. Mike who was also wide eyed with his mouth dropped, stared at the new comer, not notcing how Eleven was shaking, moving to point at her. “Fourteen.”

Dustin and Lucas momentarily forgot about their escape as well, both shell shocked at Fourteen’s apperance.

“Eleven!” the (H/c) girl cried, stumbling away from the car, unintentionally ripping a piece of it off as the girl dress in a hostpal gown reached shaking hands out towards the girl with a shaved head.

Letting out small wail of her own, Eleven began to speed walked to Fourteen, as the girl with (E/c) dropped down into Elevens open arms, bawling she she kept repeating Eleven.

“What the fuck is going on…” Lucas muttered, eyes as wide as soucers, “I have no fucking clue man-” Dustin started off with before looking behind the flipped van to see groups of men gathering, only being held off thanks to a pan with gray hair holding his hands out.

Gritting his teeth Dustin turned to Mike, tried of repeating himself. “Mike! We. Need. To. Go.” He whispered-yelled to his friend. The black hair boy finally shaked off what ever the hell his problem was before he faced the other problem at hand - the girl ‘Fourteen.’ currently weeping in Eleven’s arms.

“El! We need to leave.” Mike practically comanded at her. Eleven finally observing her surroundings looked to the grouped up vans to see Papa staring at both his loving expteriments. Clutching the frabic of the gown Fourteen was wearing, Elevens teary eyed face suddenly

filled with rage. Pulling the girl in her arms backward she spoke to her. “Come. Come.” She whispered into the (H/c) haired girl, her voice getting louder turning into a scream as Fourteen buried her feet into the ground rooting herself there.

“No no no no no.” She kept repeating, bringing her face up to look at Eleven. Forcefully pulling Eleven back into Fourteen’s own steel like embrace. “You come.” She whipsered.

“Come home.” Fourteen pleaded with the girl in her arms, who had stopped screaming moments ago.

“I can’t.” Eleven whispered.

After that thinks went quiet in the neighborhood, seemingly everything in Hawkins did for the two girls who held onto each other. Eleven felt a tear drop onto her shoudler, soon followed by more as Fourteen tried not to wail anymore, afriad of dissapointing Papa.

“Why not.” She whispered into Elevens ear, her grip unintentionally becomeing a brusing one as she tried not to crush the other girls forearms.

As Eleven turned to look at Mike who was still wide eyed and slighty scared, she whispered back into Fourteen still looking at the boy.

“I have a friend.”

“Friend…?”

“Some one you do anything for.” She explained to the girl, her eyes flipping over to Dustin.

“Lend them your cool stuff like comic books and trading cards.” Her eyes went back to Mike.

“And they never break a promise. That’s super important.” She finished.

As the grip on Eleven’s forearms was loosing, she turned back to look at Fourteen, whos tears have dried as she looked at the

breaking concrete.

“Us, friends?” She asked her (E/c) eyes meeting brown ones.

“Yes. More than friends.” Eleven said not missing a heart beat as she moved to place her hands on Fourteens cheek - a gesture they use to do all the time back at the lab to calm the other down.

“Promise?” Fourteen whispered a tear escaping her eye as Eleven caught it with her thumb, her own starting to tear up again.

“I promise.” She said moving to place her forehead agaisnt her friends.

Everything went silent once again, Brenner had thought Fourteen had completed her goal to get Eleven back, signalling his hand to finally let the troops move in is when everything started to move in slow motion, as Lucas and Dustin resumed screaming again.

Fourteen shoved Eleven away, forcing her to fall back into Mike who was still on his bike. Eleven looked at her with pure shock on her face, not expecting to be thrown away.

“Go Eleven! Go!” Fourteen screamed as she turned around, leaning down to where the broken concrete was to rip it out, and chucked it as some of the guards who were running in.

“Go!” She shireked moving to the broken van. Mike wasted no time and forced Eleven who was still shocked back onto the back before taking off, hearing the screeching sound as if someone threw a car into another one. As the three boys continued on their way, Lucas attempted to match Mike’s speed.

“Who the hell was that!” He yelled, causing Eleven to turn back to the directiont they left from. Watching as Brenner was watching them.

Turning back to watch where Mike was pedaling, Eleven answered as a tear fell down her face.

“Sister.”